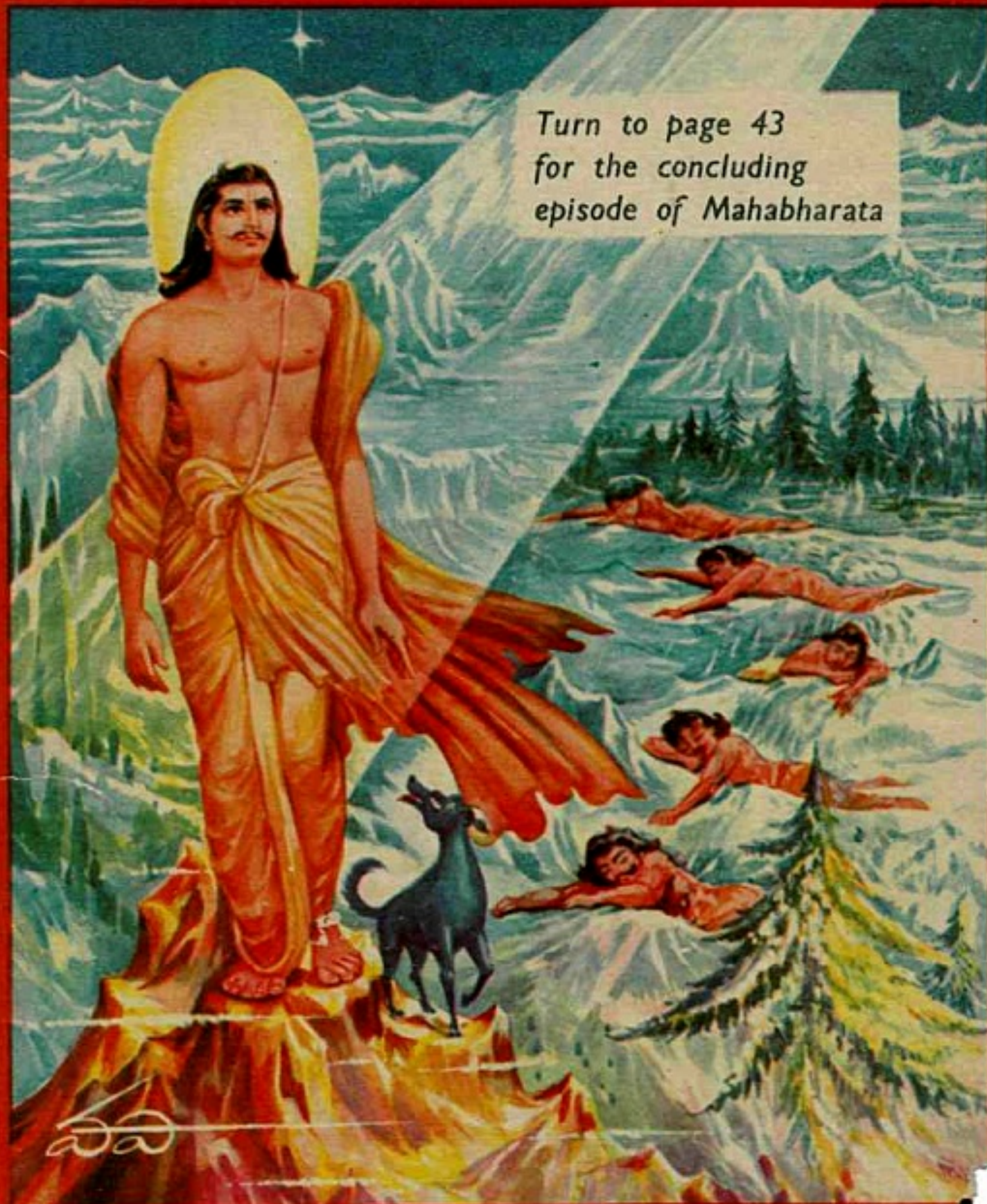


CHANDAMAMA



Turn to page 43
for the concluding
episode of Mahabharata

JANUARY 1975

ONE RUPEE

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3 BROTHERS



CHANDAMAMA

Vol. 5

JANUARY 1975

No. 7

The New Year's Day is everyman's birthday, said Charles Lamb, the famous English writer. Isn't there a great deal of truth in that? For, just as birthday comes to remind us that the life is ever new, so also a New Year's Day tells us that the time is ever new. On that day we forget our past failures and disappointments and look forward to the coming days with hopes and aspirations.

Yes, hopes and aspirations! They are great things in life. We hope to be happy, we hope to be useful to others; they keep us busy planning and working. Aspiration is a yet greater quality. It is the lofty desire to know what is truth, what is the aim of life and it is the urge to perfect ourselves.

But we can cultivate hope and aspiration only if we love life, only if we know that life is interesting, that it has great things to tell us not only through our success but also through our struggles and even defeats.

This is what Chandamama has tried to tell you through innumerable tales old and new and a variety of colourful features.

And there is a splendid quality common between Chandamama and the New Year's Day: People all over the world observe January 1 as the New Year's Day —irrespective of religious and racial differences. So also, children all over India love "Chandamama" irrespective of their language differences, for "Chandamama" meet them in so many languages!



The Diamond Tree

In a certain city lived a diamond merchant named Chandragupta. He was on the move for the most part of the year. He travelled into distant lands, bought diamonds and made a good profit by selling them to kings and noblemen.

Chandragupta had had no child for a long time. At last a son was born to him. The delighted merchant named his son Dhanaraj. But unfortunately his wife died when Dhanaraj was only a year old. Chandragupta did not remarry lest a step-mother should maltreat the young child. He now devoted most of his time to looking after Dhanaraj. Consequently his business suffered.

Pampered by Chandragupta, Dhanaraj grew up. But he seemed to be too naive and innocent. He could impress none either with his studies or with his conduct.

Chandragupta was sorry to see such development of his son's personality. He became worried about the future of the boy.

When Dhanaraj was about twenty years of age, Chandragupta fell sick. The business had already closed down. Whatever he had saved was now spent for his own treatment. Yet there was no improvement in his condition.

A time came when Chandragupta felt that his days were

numbered. He called Dhana-raj and said, "My son, I was rich before you were born. But I have lost or spent everything. All I have is this casket with ten jewels. I have a great friend in the next town, named Keshav Gupta. You should go to him and dispose of these jewels by his help. With the money you get, start some new business. Keshav had a daughter named Kumudini. When you and Kumudini were kids, we had decided that you both should be married to each other when you grow up. Remind Keshav about that. If you marry his daughter, Keshav would guide you in the business."

These were almost Chandragupta's last words. He died soon.

Dhanaraj performed the funeral rites of his father and then proceeded to meet Keshav Gupta. He was courteously received. Keshav Gupta said, "I am very sorry to hear about the death of your father who was a great friend of mine. Tell me, what can I do for you?"

Dhanaraj showed him the jewels and said, "Nothing more is left with me. Now, please arrange to sell these. Help me to start some business and let

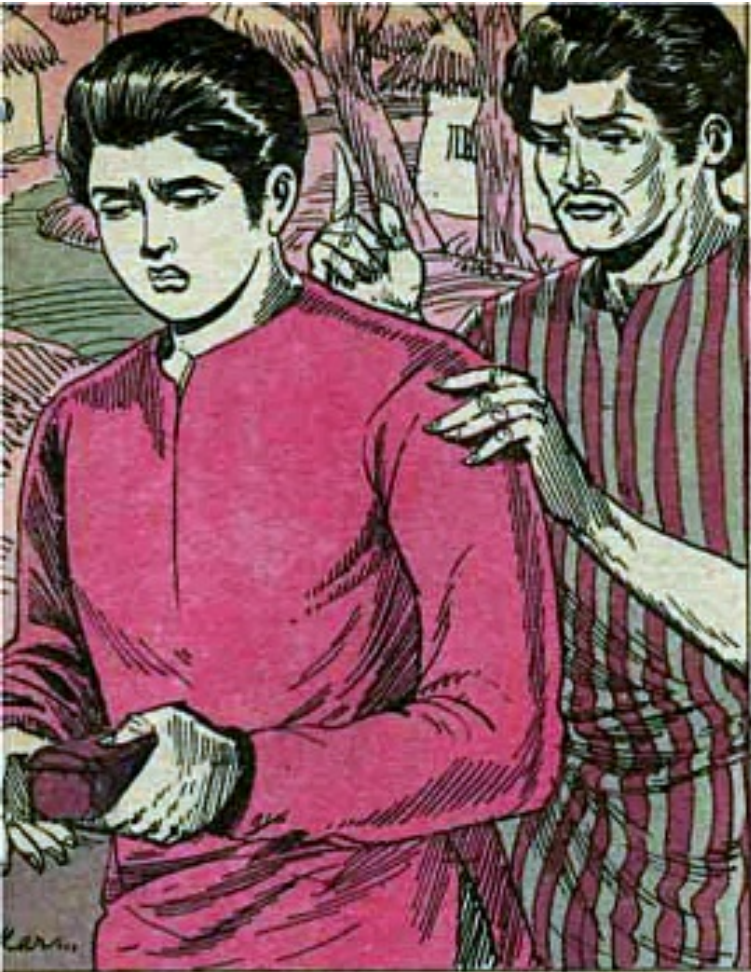


me marry your daughter. That should be enough!"

Keshav Gupta became very angry to hear this. There was a time when he was a novice in business and it was Chandragupta who had guided him to success. But now he had become very rich.

He did not want to marry his daughter to an orphan who had nothing excepting a few jewels!

So he flared up: "You seem to be too audacious. I have nothing to do with you or your jewels. Better go and bury your jewels. A diamond plant



may crop up. That should make you happy. Now, get out!"

Keshav Gupta's servants showed the way to the perplexed young man.

On his way back to his house, he was seen by a friend of his, Ranganath. "Hello Dhanaraj, what makes you so sad?" Ranganath asked.

"Brother! Do you know if diamonds would grow in the plant which would crop up if I sow jewels?" Dhanaraj asked his friend.

Ranganath knew his friend well. He said, "Of course, they grow! But it is not enough to

sow the jewels, you have to do so while reciting some *mantras*."

"If you know the *mantras*, will you please teach them to me?" implored Dhanaraj.

"I know. But I cannot teach them to you. If I do so, I shall die!" answered Ranganath. Then he proposed to recite the *mantras* on behalf of Dhanaraj at midnight when they could both sow the jewels.

Dhanaraj agreed to the proposal. Ranganath came at midnight. They took the jewels to Dhanaraj's garden and buried them, while Ranganath recited some nonsense.

"Soon there would crop up the diamond plant. A few months later you should dig its roots. You would then find diamonds grown, like potatoes!" said Ranganath. Needless to say, he stole away all the jewels and left the town very soon.

A few days later Dhanaraj was happy to see a plant coming up on the spot. Months passed. When the plant appeared big enough, one night Dhanaraj dug the earth below it and examined its root. He was surprised not to chance upon a single diamond. But he was not disappointed. He dug on and on. At last his spade struck



against something hard. Soon he dug out a steel trunk and opened it. He was amazed to see it filled with diamonds and rubies, and sapphires of the finest varieties.

He carried the trunk to Keshav Gupta's house and showed the content to him.

"My God! Where from did you get all this?" asked Keshav.

"Why sir! I sowed the jewels as advised by you. The plant produced not only these jewels, but also this steel trunk!" Dhana-raj answered happily.

Keshav Gupta thought that Dhana-raj was joking with him. But he knew that the young man had become the richest man in the country, although he did not know how!

Keshav Gupta was too pleased to marry his daughter to

Dhana-raj and to guide him in business. Under his care, Dhana-raj soon became an intelligent trader.



FUN WITH SCIENCE

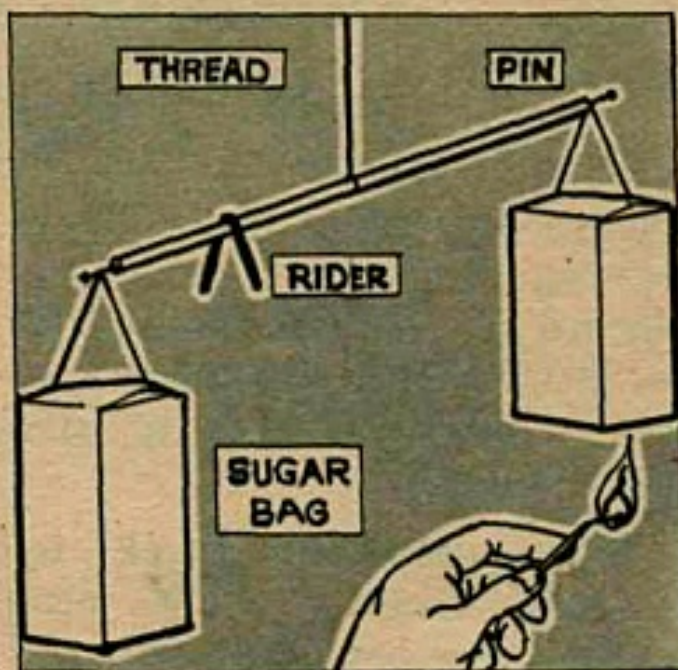
The Montgolfier brothers caused a sensation when they launched their hot-air balloon in 1783. But the wonder is that man had not realised the power of heated air long before.

After all, people must have observed what happened when paper fragments were caught in rising air currents above a fire.

However, here's fascinating experiment to show you exactly how the Montgolfier balloon worked. You'll need a length of thin dowel and two empty sugar bags. The diagram will show you how to rig them up. Slide a piece of bent wire along the dowel to serve as a 'rider' to equalise the loads on either side of the point of suspension. Now you're ready.

Making sure the dowel is level, hold a lighted match beneath the mouth of one bag. Immediately, it will soar gracefully.

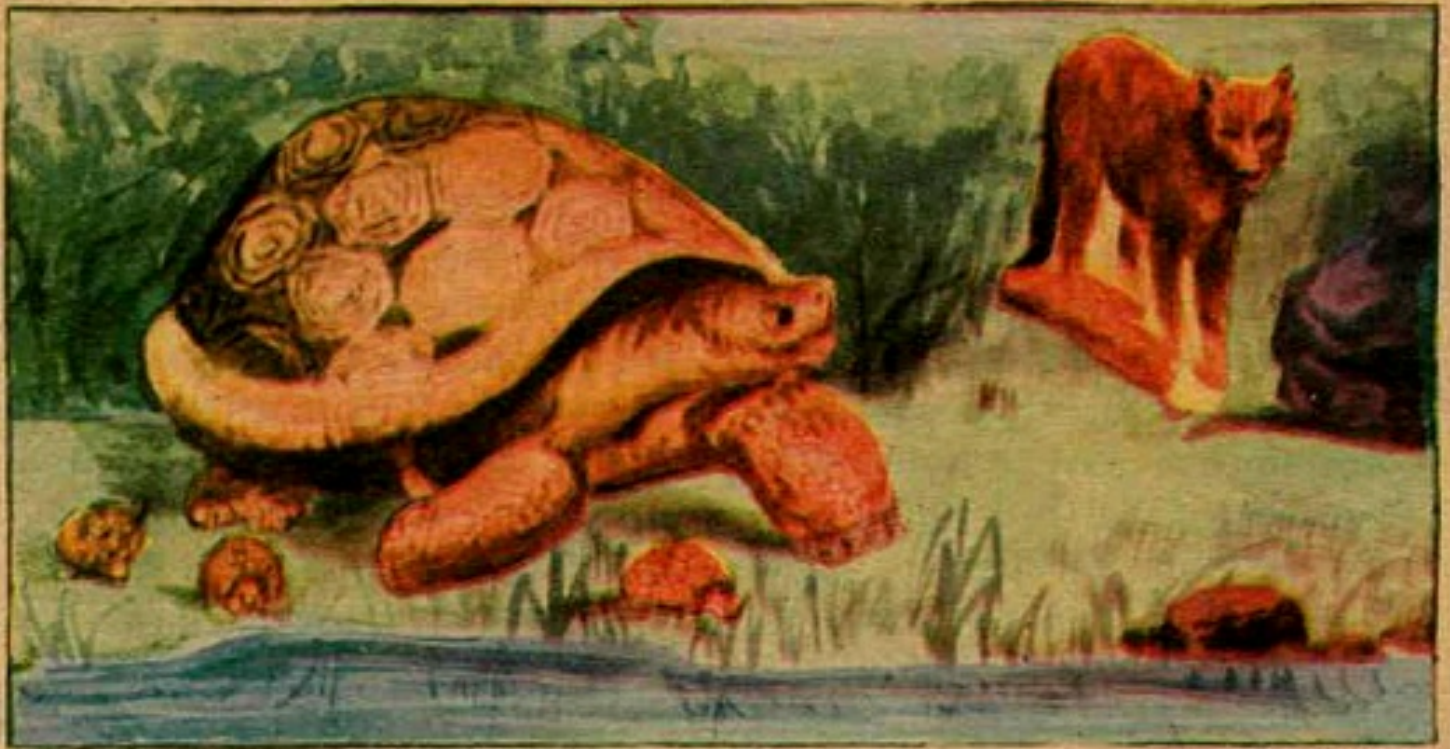
The reason is that hot air becomes lighter, for heat makes it expand and become thinner.



SPOT THE TEN DIFFERENCES

(Sorry, no clue anywhere in the Magazine)





THE PROFESSOR FOX

Prof. Manoj Das

On the edge of a river, overshadowed by a big bush, lived a tortoise with her three children. The young ones, round and soft, soon attracted the attention of a fox who lived in the nearby forest.

One morning while strolling on the river-bank the fox greeted the tortoise most genially and asked, as if purely out of courtesy, "Madame Tortoise, how is it that nowadays I don't see you as often I used to?"

"Mr. Fox, a lover of nature though I am, I have very little time for sightseeing now that I have three toddlers to look after," replied the tortoise,

"I am glad that you take your young ones so seriously. That is like an ideal mother. But tell me, what are you going to do for their education?" asked the fox.

"Education?" fumbled the tortoise. "Well, to be frank, I had never given any thought to that!"

"I thought so. That is where most of the mothers err," observed the fox gravely. "They pamper their kids all right, but do nothing more and just look on as the young ones grow up into the same stupid beings of themselves. I shudder to think of the future of our forest which

was once proud of many a scholarly animal." The fox sighed.

The tortoise became very thoughtful and she implored the fox to shed some light on the prospect of educating her kids.

The fox said, "You see, it is long since I gave up my professorship. All my pupils are now holding prestigious positions in the administration of the forest, in the service of the king lion. However, since you are my neighbour, I will undertake to educate your children. Come on, hand them over to me."

The tortoise led her young ones to the residence of the fox which was a spacious hole a furlong away and returned beaming with hope.

That very night the fox ate up one of the toddlers and when the mother tortoise went to look them up the next day, he brought only one young tortoise out of his hole at a time and that he did three times. The mother tortoise returned happy. And when she paid a visit again the next day, although there was only one toddler surviving, the fox brought it out three times and she returned satisfied.

But the fox had nothing to show to the mother tortoise the next day. He, of course, promptly bluffed her, saying that the pupils had been sent to his elder brother, who was the director of public instruction in the forest, for higher education.

But while the tortoise was returning, a crow, who had seen the fox munching her young ones, asked her derisively, "At what price did you sell your kids to the fox?"

"Sold?" she scoffed, "It is for education, my dear crow, it is for the future of the forest that I have entrusted my boys to the professor fox!" she said proudly.

The crow cried out a whoopee which could be a laugh or a cry and then to the bewildered tortoise he narrated what the hypocrite fox had really done to her children.

The tortoise, mad with fury, went to destroy the fox. But the fox gave her the slip. The tortoise could do nothing more than shrieking and abusing him for a full hour while the fox quietly swallowed them from a safe distance with a villanous grin.

But the tortoise was determined to take revenge. One day,

while the fox was crossing the river, she caught him by one of his legs under the water. The fox giggled and said, "What a fun! How confidently the tortoise bites a stick of bamboo thinking that it was my leg!"

The tortoise at once let go the fox's leg and the fox jumped to the shore. Only then the tortoise realised her mistake.

Several hours passed. But the tortoise kept up her vigil. When the fox appeared on the river-bank again, she swum close to the surface of the water, waiting to catch him when he would cross the river. But the fox dilly-dallied. After waiting for a long time the tortoise floated up in order to see what the matter was with the fox. At once the fox hopped on to his back and in another bounce crossed to the other side, before she had realised what he was doing.

This was too much. The tortoise swum back to her shelter and hiding herself from others shed bitter tears.

"I can understand your agony," said a kind voice. The tortoise looked up. It was the crow. "I will help you to punish the wicked fox. Now, do as I say. While sitting on



the queen's window this morning, I gathered that she planned to come to bathe in the river this evening, for it is going to be a full-moon night. When the queen will be neck-deep in water, swim near her stealthily and hang on to her necklace. To get rid of you, she will take off her necklace. As soon as she does that, slip away and see what happens thereafter," said the crow. The tortoise agreed to act accordingly.

Soon after the moonrise the queen, accompanied by her maids, came to the river. Her bodyguards waited near her bejewelled palanquin, off the river-bank.

As soon as the queen was neck-deep in the water, the tortoise hung to her diamond necklace. Aghast, she pulled the necklace off her neck and although the tortoise slipped away instantly, she gave out a shriek and threw it on to the bank. Immediately the crow swooped down and picking up the necklace, flew away. The queen's maids raised a hue and cry. At that the bodyguards rushed to the bank and saw the crow flying away with the necklace, the diamond beads glittering like a garland of stars. They ran raising their clubs and swords and shouting to scare the crow to drop the precious necklace. But the crow flew on, never too fast or high, but

never coming within the reach of their arms, till he reached the spot where the fox resided. He then dropped the necklace into the hole, in full sight of the queen's men, and flew away to the safety of a tall tree.

The guards stood around the hole and one of them thrust his sword into it. The scared fox came out instantly. The guards lost no time in bringing down their heavy clubs on his back. He fell dead, but not before giving out a piercing howl which the tortoise could hear from the river.

Before the guards had returned to the queen with the necklace the crow announced to the gleeful tortoise the tragic end of the professor fox!





THE SIXTH THIEF

Hundreds of years ago once it so happened that the people of Ujjain were harassed by a gang of thieves for a long stretch of time. The king's guards failed to bring them to book however hard they tried. One day all the wealthy people of the town went to the durbar and requested the king to make some special effort to stop the menace. "It will be done!" said the king with determination.

The very night the king went out of the palace in disguise. He saw four persons under a tree. He went over to them straight and said, "I am as able a thief as you are. But working alone is rather hard. Better I

join you. Tell me, what are your special virtues?"

"I can dig through any wall however strong," said one thief.

"I can understand the language of birds and animals," said the second.

"Without opening a box I can say what it contains," said the third.

"Once I have known a man by his voice, I can recognise him even when his appearance changes or even if I do not see him for many years," said the fourth.

Thereafter the thieves asked the king, "You want to join our company. What special virtue do you have?"

"Those with me would never



be punished with death by the king," said the king.

Then the five prepared to go to work. "Where do we go tonight?" one of them asked. "Let us go to the palace," proposed the king. "That's an excellent idea," agreed the others.

They soon reached the palace. The first one began to dig a hole in the wall. Suddenly they heard a jackal howling.

"What does it say?" the king asked the second thief.

"It says that the master of the house is awake," replied the thief.

A little later an owl hooted.

The king called for the meaning of the hooting. The second thief said, "It says that the master of the house is observing us!"

The four thieves were surprised. Just then they heard two dogs barking.

"What do the dogs mean?" asked the king.

"The first dog advises us to get away. The second dog asks the first to keep quiet!" explained the second thief.

"Better we go back," one of the four thieves suggested.

"Don't be afraid. Let us finish the work we have begun.

"I smell no danger," said the king.

The four thieves did not want to prove themselves cowards before their new companion. So they agreed to continue.

Soon the hole opened up into a room where they found six heavy boxes. The third thief looked at them and announced, "We are lucky. These are loaded with gold and sapphires and diamonds!"

They were five in all. Each took a box. The sixth box was left outside the wall. Before dispersing they decided about the place of their next meeting. The king retired to his chamber.

Early in the morning the palace guard, on his usual round, found out the hole and the box. First he carried the box to his home. Then he informed the palace manager about the theft and then both reported to the king that six precious boxes had been stolen.

The king at once knew who the sixth thief was. But he said, "Don't worry. All the thieves would be caught tonight."

At night when the four thieves collected at the appointed place, the king's guards overpowered them and led them to the dur-





bar. The king passed order that they be hanged.

The moment the king spoke, the fourth thief could recognise him. He said, "Your Highness! We had yet another friend with us last night. He had assured us that no death penalty could be passed against us. If I help you to catch him, will you hang him too?"

The king smiled and said, "Your fifth friend will keep his word. You shall not be hanged." Turning to the surprised courtiers, the king said,

"I was their companion last night. I free them from all punishment. They can even keep those boxes. I will give them jobs so that they can begin a new life. But gentlemen, do you know who stole the sixth box? Our trusted palace guard himself!"

The palace guard stood trembling, pale as a ghost. The king's officers searched his house and recovered the sixth box. The king banished him from his kingdom, for he had betrayed the faith the king had vested in him.

In a train, a man asked his fellow-passenger, "I know the distance between Madras and Delhi, but I do not know the distance between Delhi and Madras. Can you tell me?"

"Any fool knows that the distance between Delhi and Madras is the same as the distance between Madras and Delhi!" said the fellow-passenger.

In that case I am not a fool. It is a week from Christmas to New Year. But is it a week from New Year to Christmas?"



Once, in olden days, the soldiers of Idur, in Rajasthan, staged a revolt against their king. All the members of the royal family, except an infant prince, got mercilessly killed. A good old maid escaped with the prince to a far away village.

The Maid approached a Brahmin couple in the Kingdom of Nagindra and requested them to take charge of the infant. The couple agreed. The tired maid breathed her last thereafter, but satisfied that she had saved the scion of her master's family—the ancient dynasty of Idur. But as the child grew up, he showed the traits of a warrior prince, practising archery and other sports. He was called Bappa.



As a young man Bappa performed marvellous feats. He could climb hills at remarkable speed. He could jump from tree to tree. Once he even fought with a tiger, single-handed, killing the beast.



In a cave in the forest, Bappa once saw a sage lost in meditation. He prostrated himself to him. The sage opened his eyes and smiled at Bappa. Bappa met him everyday. One evening the sage told him, "Do not fail to meet me before dawn tomorrow."

But when Bappa woke up, it was already dawn. He hurried into the forest. But the sage was not to be found. Looking around and up and down, he saw the luminous body of the sage disappearing into clouds. Bappa heard his voice: "My boy! I am departing. If I would have touched you, you would have become a great sage. However, I bless you, become a great king."



Days passed. Came a festive season. During the festival it was customary for young boys and girls to go into the forest and swing with ropes attached to branches of trees. The Princess of Nagindra, accompanied by her maids, had gone into the forest. But they had forgotten to carry ropes! But Bappa was at hand.

"Can you help us with ropes?" asked the Princess. "Yes, but on condition that you play a game with me," said Bappa. "What game?" enquired the Princess. "Game of marrying me!" replied Bappa. A game is a game. The Princess agreed. The maids united their hands and adorned them with flowers.



To the Princess and her maids, it was a mock-marriage, a play. But to Bappa, it was a true marriage. Thereafter Bappa procured enough ropes for the Princess and her maids to swing to their hearts' content. When it was evening, they dispersed, the Princess retiring to her palace and Bappa returning to his foster-parents' hut.

A few years later the King of Nagindra proposed his daughter's marriage with the prince of a neighbouring kingdom. But he got the shock of his life when the astrologer, studying the horoscope of the Princess, declared that the Princess was already married to someone!





The King stormed into his queen's apartment and demanded an explanation for this strange reading by the astrologer. The Princess was summoned. She wept and narrated the incident with Bappa.

It was night when the King's soldiers went to capture the audacious Bappa. The soldiers had got down from their horses and had entered Bappa's hut. Bappa got onto one of their horses and galloped away. But before escaping he had learnt from her foster-parents who he really was.



Bappa reached Mewar, his maternal uncle's fort. Just then Mewar was under attack from another king. Mewar had no able commander. Bappa took over the command and routed the enemy. He succeeded his uncle to the throne of Mewar. Now the King of Nagindra was too happy to accept the mighty young king as his son-in-law. The legendary Bappa ruled for long and conquered several lands beyond India.



A QUEEN'S FANCY

Long long ago, an old king ruled over the land of Mani-roop. Unfortunately he had nobody in the world except a small granddaughter, named Mandaravallee.

When the granddaughter grew up, the old king made her the ruler and himself led a retired life. But he told her, "Mandaravallee, get married soon, so that you can have children and our dynasty may not come to an end."

But such was Mandaravallee's temperament that she would not tolerate anybody exercising any authority on her. When her grandfather insisted on her marrying, she said, "If it is a

question of continuing the family line, then I will marry, but the choice of the bridegroom is entirely mine."

She deliberately chose a simpleton for her husband. Though he was the husband of a reigning queen, he had no position whatever in the court. Mandaravallee, the queen, never cared to share the administration with him. The man seemed too meek and mild to impose himself in any matter.

A year later the queen gave birth to a girl. She was named Mala. The old king died soon after the birth of this great-granddaughter. But before dying, he told Mandaravallee,

“Do not neglect to look for a fit bridegroom for your daughter when it is time for that.”

When Mala grew up, several princes of the neighbouring kingdoms offered to marry her. But the queen rejected all the proposals. She even insulted some of the messengers who brought such proposals. The queen had decided to get Mala married with an imbecile so that the husband will never play the lord over her.

The prince of Madura, Makaranda, heard about Mala's beauty and wished to marry her. But he also came to know about the queen's plan. Disguised as an ordinary man, he reached the Maniroop palace and told the guards that he desired to meet the queen. With the queen's permission, he was duly produced before her.

“What do you want?” asked the queen.

“I want to marry the princess,” said Makaranda.

“But who are you?” asked the queen.

“I am a very ordinary man. Wherever I find shelter, that becomes my home,” answered the prince.

The prince was handsome and he looked quite innocent. The

queen found that there was nothing wrong with the proposal. She said, “I don't mind marrying my daughter to you. But I would like to make a matter clear. My daughter would succeed me to the throne, not her husband. You have to remain obedient to her all your life. You cannot dominate over her.”

Makaranda showed such an expression that it appeared he accepted the condition. Only the date of marriage remained to be finalised.

But Mala's father secretly told her, “My daughter, you are not like your mother. You



Something unexpected happened suddenly. The queen's husband who looked on, flashed a sword and challenged the prince, saying, "You cannot escape easily after insulting my wife!"

They fought brilliantly. The queen, who had known her husband as a good-for-nothing fellow, was now amazed to discover his true nature. She felt proud for her husband, for the first time in her life. This new feeling completely changed her attitude towards her daughter and the prince. She shouted, "Stop!"

Her husband and her son-in-law refrained from fighting. The queen brought her daughter and the prince together and said, "Do as you like; but remember, this kingdom belongs to both of you!"



fell down. His dagger slipped off his hand.

The prince unsheathed his sword and roared that if anybody tried to check him, he would be dealt with appropriately.

Then he turned to the queen and said, "I do not know whether you were truly happy with your husband or not. But be sure, your daughter would not have been happy if she had married a coward, just to satisfy your vanity!"

The queen shouted at her daughter, "Don't go with him!"

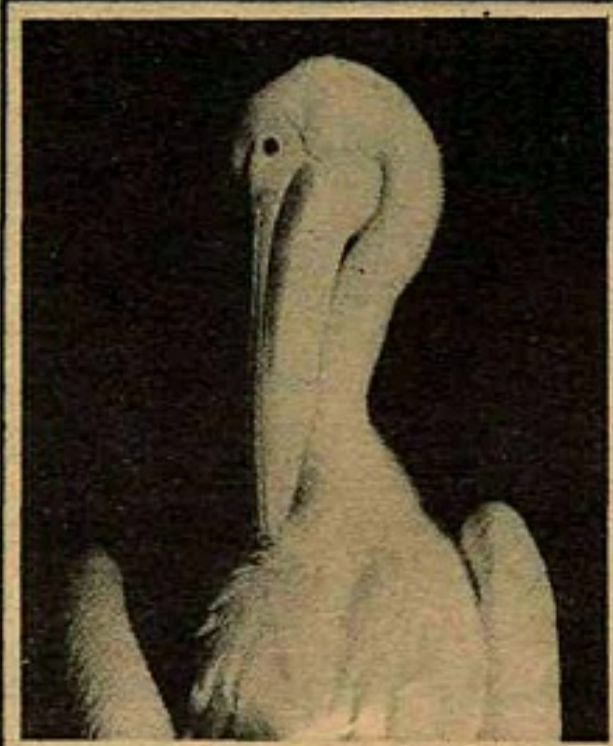
But the daughter said, "Don't say so, mother! But I assure you, if he does not treat me properly, I will return to you. Now, the world will laugh if you do not allow me to accompany my husband!"

cannot be happy if your husband is a man without any individuality, a cipher. You should look forward to a better birdegroom. Don't give your consent to the present proposal." But Mala was afraid of her mother. She met Makaranda secretly and told him, "Please give up the idea of marrying me. Why do you wish to remain a slave to your wife? Do you think that such a position will give you happiness?" Makaranda smiled and said, "O sweet princess, I hope, I will prove my worth and earn your love. Believe me and let the marriage take place. Let

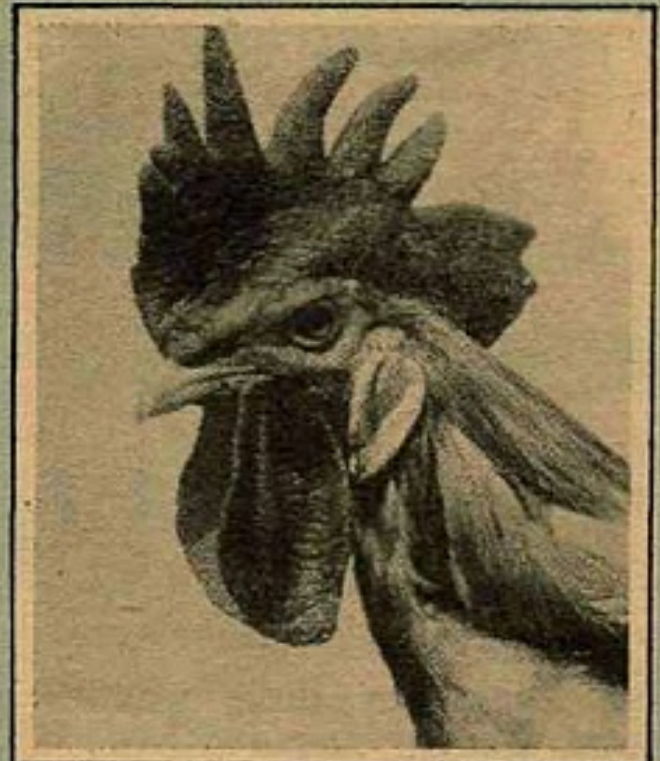
me confide to you that I am the prince of Madura!" Mala was delighted. She had no doubt that her bridegroom was a clever and courageous young man. She kept quiet. The marriage took place duly. Soon after that, before everybody, the prince suddenly caught Mala by her wrist and said, "Come, let us go to our house!" And both began to walk. The queen shouted, "Stop them!" The queen's bodyguard jumped forward and tried to stop the prince. But the prince gave him a ready punch. He



PHOTO CAPTION CONTEST



Mr. Anant Desai



Mr. Anant Desai

- These two photographs are somewhat related. Can you think of suitable captions? Could be single words, or several words, but the two captions must be related to each other.
- Rs. 20 will be awarded as prize for the best caption. Remember, your entry must reach us by 31st January.
- Winning captions will be announced in MARCH issue
- Write your entry on a POST CARD, specify the month, give your full name, address, age and post to:

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CHANDAMAMA MAGAZINE
MADRAS - 600 026.

Result of Photo Caption Contest held in November Issue

The Prize is awarded to
Mr. Ashutosh R. Dhurandhar
236, 7th Road
Khar Sham Chhaya
Bombay - 52

Winning Entry—'Hissing Glance'—'Sparkling Stance'



LUCK

In days gone by there was a landlord named Vijay Verma. He had a charming daughter named Vijaya. On her sixteenth birthday, her father made her a present of a beautiful ring. It was, indeed, a priceless present, for it belonged to Vijaya's mother who was no more.

One afternoon Vijaya was enjoying boating in the river. From time to time she put her hand into the river and played with the water. Once while doing so the ring slipped off her finger.

Vijaya gave out a shriek. The boatmen jumped into the river and made several dives to discover the ring, but in vain.

When the landlord heard

about the loss he was sad and angry. He told his daughter, "I gave you the dearest possession of mine. And you lost it in no time!"

A few days later a young man of the nearby village, Mahesh, met the landlord and proposed to marry Vijaya. The landlord had no doubt that Mahesh would make an excellent bridegroom. But his forefathers had some enmity with the forefathers of Mahesh and so he rejected the proposal.

"But Vijaya would be happy to marry me!" claimed Mahesh.

The landlord asked Vijaya if she had chosen Mahesh for her husband. "Yes, father," said Vijaya shyly. But the land-

lord shouted with anger, "I do not consider him the fit bridegroom for you. Hereby I declare that whoever can find the lost ring, he shall win your hand!"

As soon as the eligible youths of the region heard about the landlord's decision they made several bids to find the ring. It was a sight to see so many of them plunging into the river, but coming up with pebbles or dead shells, but no ring!

Mahesh did not join in the race. He was awfully hurt at the landlord's rude rejection of his proposal.

One day, while Mahesh was wandering on the river-bank with his bow for sport, he suddenly spied upon a deer on the opposite bank. He took aim at the deer and shot an arrow. Just then a big fish

bounced up above the water. The arrow pierced it, while the deer disappeared inside the forest.

Mahesh entered the water and collected the dead fish and his arrow and returned home. "What a luck! I wanted a deer, but got a fish!" But when the fish was duly cut inside Mahesh's kitchen, pop came the lost ring of Vijaya out of it!

Mahesh forgot his frustration and lost no time in carrying the ring to the landlord. The landlord, who was not very happy in his heart for his rude conduct towards his daughter and Mahesh, was now too happy to welcome his would-be son-in-law.

Mahesh told himself, "What a luck! I wanted a deer but got the bride of my heart!"



THE GRAPEFRUIT



Grapefruit is widely found in places where 'Lemon' is cultivated and raised and also in fruit orchards throughout India. Botanically it is classified as

baccata fruit or 'Citrus Lemonum' and as '*Brihajjambir*' in Sanskrit or '*Chakotra*' in Hindi and is popularly called 'Grape Fruit' in the western

LOOKING AT FRUITS

countries. It was found in Java by Captain Cook in December 1770 during his first voyage. Among thirty-six varieties of fruit available there, he described 'Grapefruit' in his log book as 'Pumplemoeses' which were called 'Shaddocks' named after another seaman, Captain Shaddock who has located these large sized fruit of the citrus family abundantly available in the Malay Archipelago. The fruit has nutritional and medicinal value in dietics.

In 1696, on the journey home to England, he stopped at Barbados and left seeds of the fruit on the island. From these seeds developed a species of shaddock which varied from the original. The evergreen trees, with their dark glossy leaves and large, sweet scented blossoms bore smaller round fruit which were much more juicy and had a thinner skin. At first they were called 'Fruit of Paradise' but because they

grew in clusters of up to fifteen like a bunch of grapes they came to be known as grape fruit.

They were introduced into Florida in 1923 but after sixty years they were cultivated on a large scale in Arizona, Southern Texas and then California.

By 1914 the grapefruit was known in Palestine now Israel as *Jaffa* variety. Grapefruit are botanically classified as simple berries are yellowish when ripe. Each fruit is formed from every single flower. Seeds are then formed which are protected by juicy pulp but due to intensive cultivation many grapefruit are grown without either pollination or fertilisation. This is one of the results of growers continually striving to produce better strains, with greater flavour and fewer or no pips, like the jaffa variety and some other outspan grape-fruit.



THE TRUE SON

There was a small village in the outskirts of a forest. At the end of the village lived an old woman and her son, in a small house.

The woman would go to the forest everyday and collect sticks and sell them in a market. It was with great difficulty that she provided for herself and her son.

Her son never cared for the old mother's worries. He often demanded money from her. One day he was very angry because she could not satisfy his needs. He left the house in a huff.

The woman was getting weaker due to old age. One day, because of a strong wind, she fell down and fainted inside the forest.

A young man was passing by. When he saw the woman's condition, he fetched water from a spring and splashed it on her face. The woman opened her eyes.

Taking a long breath, she asked the young man, "Who are you, son?"

"I am an orphan. I am roaming about, looking for a job," answered the young man.

The woman stood up with difficulty and tried to lift up the bundle of sticks she had collected. But the young man did not allow her to do that. "Let me carry it to your home. That would please me," he said.

When they reached the woman's home, she told him, "My son! Stay in this house as

long as you have not found a job."

The young man agreed. Soon he began to assist the woman in every work. He carried the sticks to the market. With more time at her disposal, the woman was able to collect more sticks. They lived rather well. Soon they were able to save a little money.

Suddenly one day the woman's own son returned. He knew that his mother was well-off now. He demanded money from her. But she refused to give a single paisa.

The son quarrelled with the young man, although the latter was kind to him and advised him to join their work. The son's only thought was how to drive away the young man.

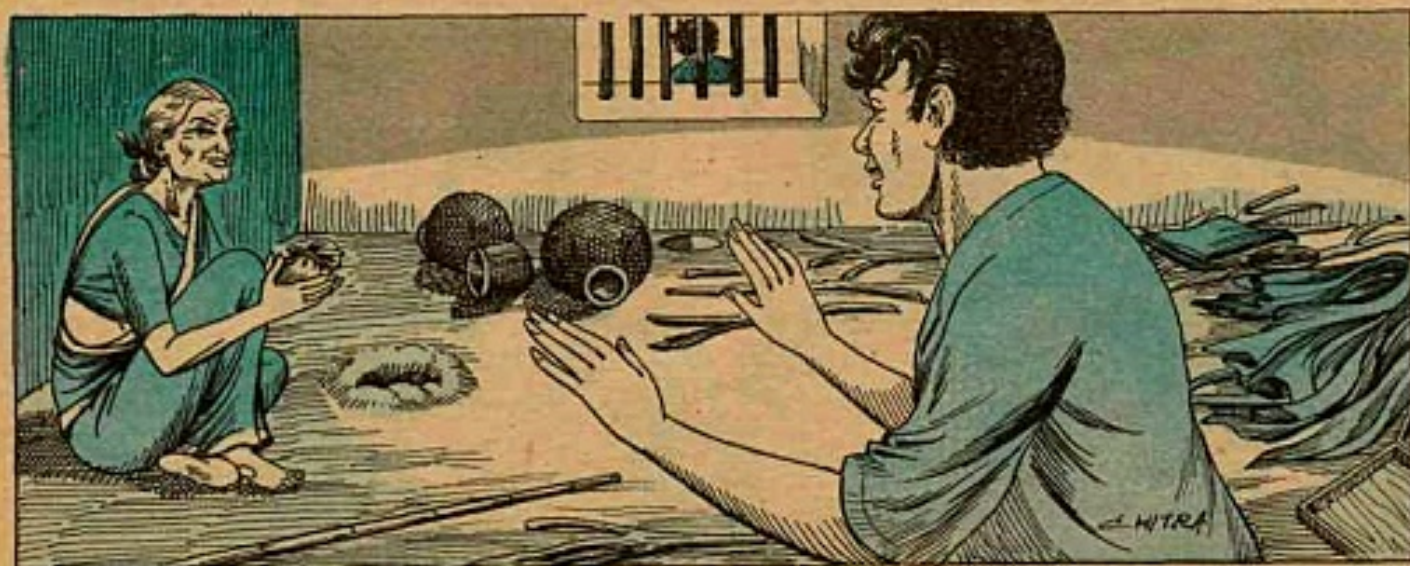
One day when both the boys were out of the house, the

woman hid whatever money she had saved in a secret place and made a hole on the floor of the house and scattered the utensils. When the boys returned she cried out, "All my money has been taken away by thieves!"

"You have been served right. You refused even a paisa to me. Now see what happened! I hate to stay with you even for a moment more!" declared her son and left.

The other young man said, "Mother! Do not feel sad. Such things happen to so many people. We had ourselves earned the money. We will earn it again!"

"My boy! Our money is safe. I just wanted my son to stop pestering me. I am happy that he has left. You are my true son."



Too sure of others' Ignorance

This happened long ago. A certain English duke was invited to pay a visit to an academy. The academy was run by the people of a particular religious faith and those who read there were given lessons in that religion. It so happened that the duke's religious faith was different from that of the academy. Not only that, he hated the people who ran the academy.

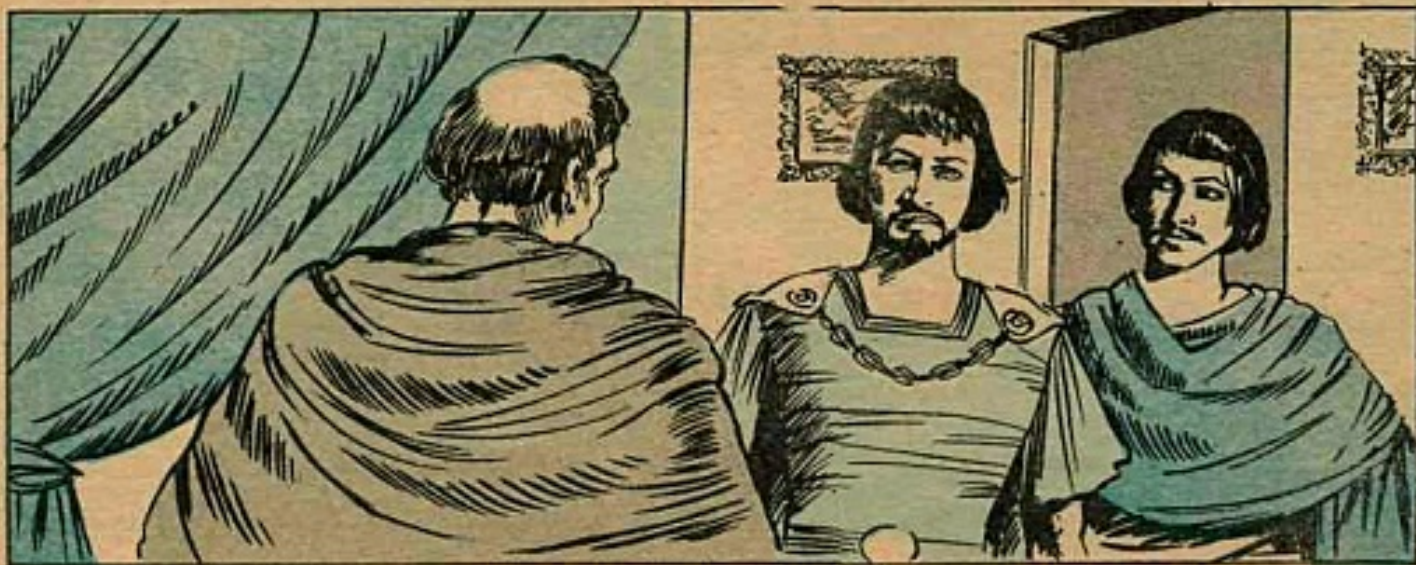
But for the sake of civility, he could not have refused the invitation. On the appointed day he visited the academy, accompanied by his brother. They were warmly received by the principal and the staff and were shown around the academy. As a matter of courtesy, the duke asked the princi-

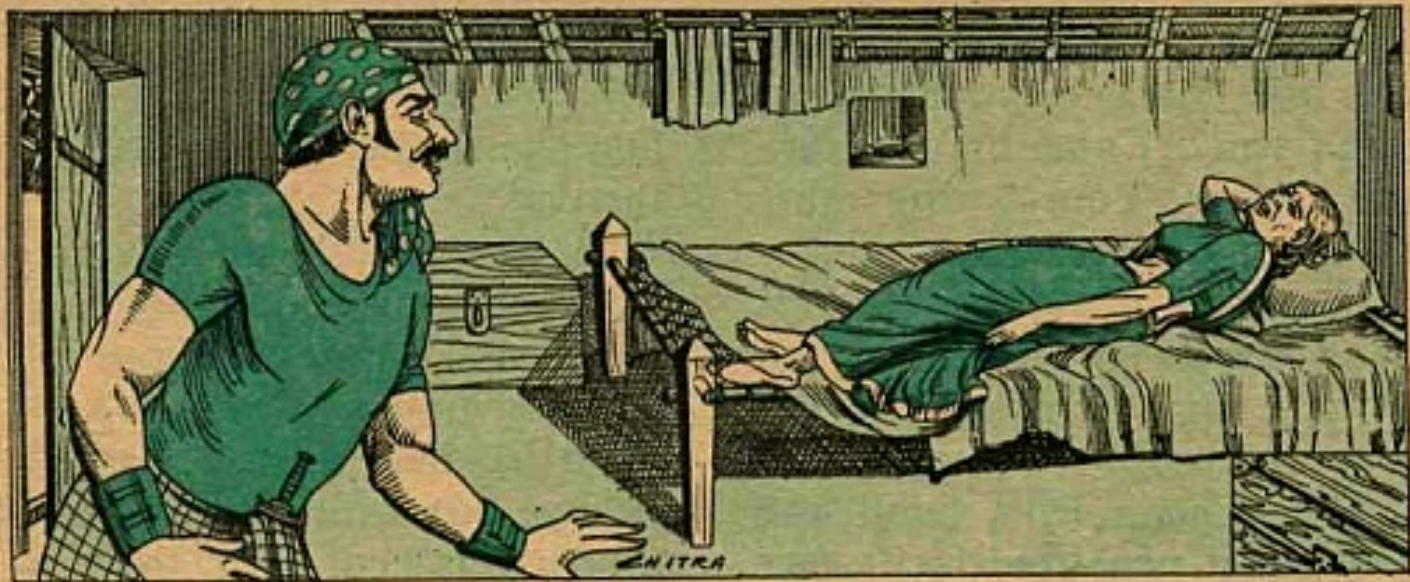
pal, "Can I help you in any way?"

"We will be grateful to you, my lord, if you send us at least two bright boys to study here. We are not having many students," said the principal.

"All right, I will very soon send two brilliant boys to you," said the duke. But turning to his brother, he chuckled and said in French, "We will send two donkeys to the academy!" He was too sure that the principal did not know French!

After taking refreshments the guests prepared to depart. While giving them farewell, the principal said with a smile, "My lord, as a mark of our respectful memory of your visit, we will name the two students you send after you and your brother!"





A WOMAN'S MAGIC BOX

In a certain village lived an old widow named Dhania. She used to sit in her veranda and sell greens and vegetables which other women of the village gathered. At the end of the day they divided the profit among themselves.

People thought that Dhania had accumulated a lot of wealth although the fact was that she was quite poor.

A time came when the villagers were scared of a daring thief who stealthily entered some house or the other at night and took away whatever valuables he could get at hand. The village headman announced that if anybody could help to catch

the thief, he would be amply rewarded.

Poor Dhania said to herself, "How much I wish that the thief should enter my house! I have nothing to lose. Yet God willing, if I could help capture the thief, I would get such a handsome reward!"

Thus, while other villagers prayed that the thief should not visit them, the old widow prayed that the thief should visit her!

At last, one night, the thief entered her house. She was luckily awake. Very sweetly she said, "My son! Have you come?"

The thief was taken aback. Dhania continued, "You will now take charge of your wealth, won't you? Come on, measure and count. Your wealth must have got doubled!"

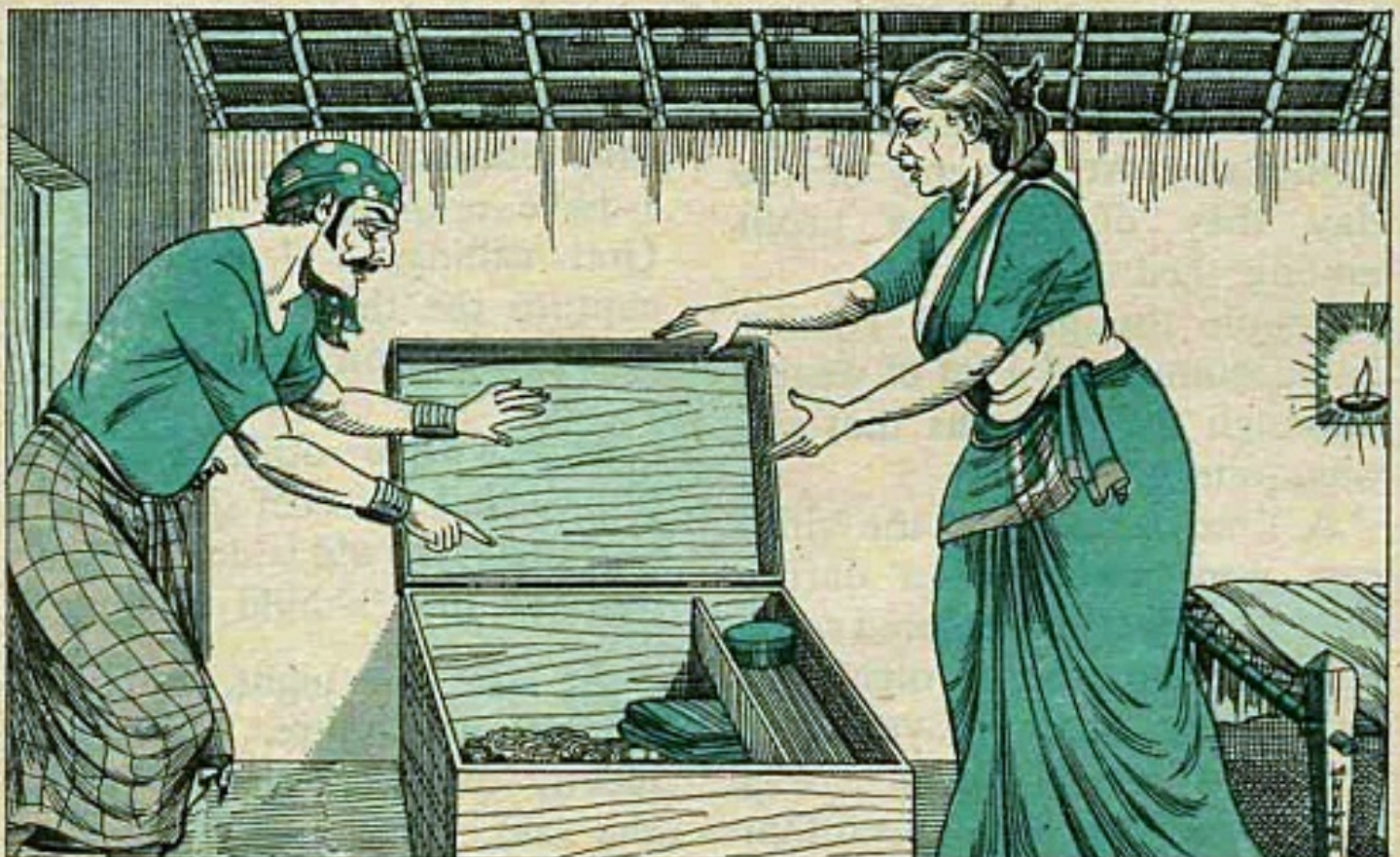
The thief could not understand anything. However, he waited, for, curiosity got the better of him.

The woman lit a lamp and brought it near the thief's face and exclaimed, "What a blunder I was making! You are not the thief who deposited his wealth in my magic box! But you have come hearing all about the box, isn't it so? please excuse me. I cannot tell you

anything about it. If the villagers come to know about it, I will lose my box. Also, they may hang me for befriending thieves!"

"I have not heard anything from anybody about your box, but please tell me all about it," the thief implored her.

"It is like this: I have a strange box with me. If stolen property is kept in it, the property will become doubled by the next night. Last night a thief deposited whatever wealth he had stolen over the past months. Now it is doubled," said the lady as she opened her box. She had kept some cheap





gilded ornaments and false coins in it. The thief was amazed to see them.

"Listen, you good old lady! Since you have been pleased to show me your magic box, allow me to enjoy its benefit at least once. Tomorrow night I will bring some little wealth I have been able to gather. Please allow me to place them in your box. I will come and collect them the next night, of course, after giving you a fair share of it," proposed the thief.

Dhania pretended to show reluctance, but said, "All right, let it be so. But it will be only for once, mind you!"

The thief went away, thanking her profusely.

Dhania met the village headman in the morning and confided to him all that had happened. The headman arranged for some strong and stout villagers to remain in hiding inside and around Dhania's house.

The thief came at midnight, carrying with him all the valuables and money he had lately stolen from various houses of that village as well as the nearby villages. While he was placing them in Dhania's magic box, the villagers pounced upon him and captured him.

Dhania was duly rewarded by the headman. People who had lost their valuables now got them back from Dhania's magic box!

In nature there are no rewards or punishments; there are consequences.

—Horace A. Vachel



LEGENDS OF INDIA

THUS WAS BORN THE GANGA

Who does not love his own voice? So did Narada, the famous sage who wanders between heaven and earth, often running errands for the great God Vishnu.

Beyond the Himalayas are the Meru mountains. Only the greatest of sages and gods visit that region—and that too very rarely.

One day Narada was merrily singing to himself and playing

his Veena as he passed through the Meru. Suddenly, a strange sight met his eyes: A number of men and women, all extremely handsome, lay scattered on the ground, each one of them injured.

Narada stopped and enquired who they were and who had injured them. But they would not say anything easily. When Narada insisted on getting an answer and refused to depart

without it, one of them disclosed, "We are Ragas and Raginis. That is to say, we are the spirits of the various styles of music. We lie here injured because you musicians sing so imperfectly!"

Narada hung his head. However, he soon recovered and said, "I assure you, so far as I am concerned, I will never sing a *raga* again unless I am sure that I had mastered it perfectly. But I cannot be in peace unless your wounds heal up. The question is how they would heal up!"

"There is only one way for that," said one of those godly beings, "Only if we can hear the most perfect singer sing!"

"Who is the most perfect singer?" queried Narada.

"Who but Shiva!" replied the Raga.

Narada hurried to Shiva on Mount Kailash and requested him to sing for sake of the tormented Ragas and Raginis.

"You know, I love to keep silent through ages. But I will sing provided I get the most perfect listeners!" said Shiva.

"Who are they?" asked the curious Narada.

"Who but Vishnu and Brahma!" replied Shiva.

When Vishnu and Brahma were informed that Shiva had agreed to sing, they were too glad to come over to Kailash to have the privilege of listening to him. Also came the Ragas and Raginis.

Shiva began to sing. Indescribable was his art. As he went on, the wounds of the Ragas and Raginis were found healing up rapidly.

But something most unexpected was noticed by Brahma. Vishnu listened with such absolute love that he became one with the music and with the flow of the music, his body too began to flow away, melting.

Brahma lost no time in arresting the flow and putting it all into his *Kamandalu*, the hand-pot. This melted body of Vishnu was the Ganga, which later came out of Brahma's pot and sanctified heaven, the earth and the patala or the nether-world. No wonder that Ganga should be considered so sacred. For it is the melted body of Vishnu.

How Ganga came out of Brahma's pot is a different story, which we will tell you another time.



MOTIVE IS THE THING

There was a villager whose only ambition in life was to become rich. He tried hard to increase his income by putting forth more labour in his work. But it did not yield much success. While on his death-bed, he called his only son and said, "Look here, my boy, I had only one dream in life and that was to become wealthy. But all I have been able to save is a couple of mohurs. Take these and try to use these properly so that they would go on increasing, making you wealthy. Maybe, that would make me happy even after death!"

After the man's death, his son, Shriman, invested the two

mohurs in a small business and tried heart and soul to make the best out of them. He succeeded. Soon he became an affluent trader.

In a few years he found that if he must prosper further, then he must shift his business to the town. He did that and soon proved himself cleverer than established merchants of the town.

One season there was failure of crop in the land. Rice had to be collected from far away countries. Consequently, rice sold at a very high price. Common people were obliged to borrow money from the merchants who charged high rates

of interest. But Shriman, sad at the plight of the people, began to lend them money at very low interest. He charged no interest at all in cases of poor people.

The rich money-lenders of the town were angry at this. They decided to borrow all Shriman's money at low interest themselves so that Shriman had nothing left with him to give to the poor. But when they approached him, he demanded a very high interest from them.

The money-lenders appeared before the king and complained, "O King, there is a merchant in our town, named Shriman, who is demanding different rates of interest from different people. This is wrong. He should be punished for sake of justice."

The king did not give out his opinion immediately. Disguised as a rich man he went to Shriman's house and wanted to borrow a large sum of money. Shriman quoted a high rate of interest. The king did not agree to it and returned.

Next day the king summoned Shriman to his court and said, "Those who do business in money-lending, they charge a certain fixed rate of interest from all. To charge different



rates is wrong and against the convention. I approached you, disguised, for some money yesterday. You demanded a heavy interest from me. But I have heard that many people borrow from you without having to pay any interest at all! If this is true, what is your explanation?"

"O king, it is true that I fix different rates for different borrowers. But I do no wrong. If you think deeply, you will realise the truth of my claim," answered Shriman.

After Shriman departed, the king consulted his ministers on the issue for a long time. But

they could not decide whether what Shriman did was wrong or not. According to rule, one could not charge different prices for the same commodity from different customers. Then how can one charge different rates of interest? The ministers argued, finally.

What the ministers said was quite logical. But the king was not satisfied. He threw the question at others: "It is proved that Shriman is wrong. Now, can anyone prove that Shriman was right?"

"I can," claimed the king's only child, the princess, "If you agree to give me whatever reward I ask of you!"

"You will be granted whatever you demand, my sweet daughter," said the king.

"Listen, O father. There are various levels of morality

and truth. At the ordinary level, it is wrong to charge different rates from different parties. But here we have to see the motive of the parties. The poor borrow in order to survive the hard times. So Shriman asks little interest from them. The rich planned to borrow at small interest in order to loan out the same money to the poor at higher interest. Shriman wanted to foil this nefarious scheme of the greedy money-lenders. So, he acted from a higher scale of morality. He has done the right thing."

The king was thoroughly satisfied. He asked, "Now, what is the reward you want?"

It so happened that the princess loved Shriman for a long time, silently in her heart. The reward she wanted now was to marry him. It was granted!





MAHABHARATA

Yudhishtira entertained the sages to a grand feast and, on behalf of Krishna, bestowed several gifts on them. He then sent Parikshit to Kripacharya to become the latter's pupil. He then announced to his ministers that he was undertaking a journey spiritual, never to return.

Thereafter the Pandavas and Draupadi put off their royal garments and ornaments and put on dresses made out of barks.

Innumerable people collected to have a glimpse of them when the time for their departure came. The people remembered another such sad occasion. That was when the Pandavas had left for exile. The women in the crowd wept and wailed.

But the Pandavas were not moved at all.

When the Pandavas crossed the city, a dog was seen following them. Several citizens tried to dissuade them from proceeding to their unknown destination, but in vain.

After the Pandavas and Draupadi left, Uloopi entered the Ganga and Chitrangada returned to Manipur, her parental home. Other wives of the Pandavas remained with Parikshit.

The Pandavas proceeded eastward. They crossed many a river and passed through many a land. Arjuna was still carrying with him his famous bow, the Gandiva. But when they reached the seashore, suddenly



Agnideva, the God of Fire, appeared before them like a luminous mountain and said, "Listen O Pandavas, Arjuna has no need of the Gandiva any more. He should now surrender it to Varuna from whom it had come."

His brothers too prevailed on Arjuna to give up the weapon. Arjuna, accordingly, threw it into the sea. Agnideva disappeared.

Along the seacoast the Pandavas walked southward before turning to the north. They saw Dwaraka submerged under the sea. Then they reached the Himalayan region and soon

crossed it, approaching the Meru mountains.

While they walked, Draupadi fell down on the road, dead. Bhima informed Yudhishtira about it. But Yudhishtira did not look back.

A little later Sahadeva too fell down. Then came the turns of Nakula and Arjuna, one after the other. Bhima duly informed Yudhishtira about them. But Yudhishtira did not look back. He remained calm even when Bhima himself fell down and announced of his approaching death.

Thus, all his dear ones dropped down while Yudhishtira continued to walk, followed by the dog.

Soon Indra, with his chariot, appeared before him and welcomed him into it. But Yudhishtira told him, "All my brothers as well as Draupadi who are dead must ascend to heaven with me. I cannot proceed there without them."

"Their spirits have already passed on to the sphere where they ought to have gone. You alone can go to heaven without having to leave your body. Please come with me," said Indra.

"This dog has followed me

faithfully through all the travails of the way. He too must be allowed to ascend to heaven. I cannot go there without him," said Yudhishtira again.

"You are to be received into heaven because your virtues are equivalent to those of mine. How can a dog enter heaven? Please do not put forth such an impossible condition," pleaded Indra.

But Yudhishtira remained adamant. While the dialogue continued, the dog suddenly got changed into Yama, the God of Death and Dharma.

"I had tested you, disguised as a *Yaksha*, while you lived in

exile in the forest. I have tested you again. It is hard to find your equal even in heaven. You certainly deserve to go there along with your body," said Yama.

A number of other gods came forward to welcome Yudhishtira to heaven. They all began their return journey in their respective chariots.

"Many great souls have entered heaven, but none had done so while in his body," observed the sage Narada.

"But I am not happy, for, my brothers are not with me," regretted Yudhishtira.

"O King! Your work on





earth has ended. Why don't you forget all about your earthly relations? Let me be frank with you. Your brothers have not been able to pass on to heaven. You see, heaven is meant only for gods and very great souls!" said Indra.

"But I cannot dwell here without my brothers. I will rather go where my brothers and Draupadi have gone," insisted Yudhishtira.

A great surprise awaited Yudhishtira. He saw Duryodhana dwelling in heaven in all splendour amidst the luminous gods. Yudhishtira failed to understand how a character with

such a long record of misdeeds could occupy a place there. He murmured, "I have least desire to live in a sphere where even Duryodhana could find a place!"

"O King! Your old impressions and ideas do not hold any good here in heaven. Didn't Duryodhana die a hero's death?" said Narada, smiling.

"If Duryodhana, with all his sinful actions, could dwell in heaven, what about my brothers and Drustadyumna and Abhimanyu and the Upanandas, who had always adhered to justice?" Yudhishtira asked.

Yudhishtira's bewilderment increased when he could neither see Karna nor many a virtuous king who had helped him in the war with faith in the principles of truth. Then the gods told him, "If you want to see them, you have to descend to their region. Follow this guide if you so desire!"

Yudhishtira followed the guide and soon came to a road which was dark, difficult, full of worms and flies, and nauseating things like rotten flesh or skeletons scattered on it. Disgusted, Yudhishtira asked, "How long must we keep walking?"

"If you are tired, O King,

let us go back. This is a long, long, way, with even more ghastly sights to meet your eyes!" said the guide.

Yudhishtira felt disappointed. He was brooding over his course of action when he heard some moaning voices, "O King! Please stay here for a while. Your presence gives us peace."

"Who are you?" asked the surprised Yudhishtira.

"I am Karna!" "I am Bhima!"

"I am Arjuna!" "I am Nakula!" "I am Sahadeva!"

"I am Draupadi!" said the host of voices.

-Yudhishtira felt deeply dis-

tressed. He said to himself, "What is the strange law operating here? How can sinners dwell in heaven while the virtuous are doomed to lie in this terrible sphere? Am I dreaming? Or, have I turned mad?"

Then he said to his guide, "You may now return to heaven. Tell the gods that I will prefer to be here, since my presence gives my brothers a little relief."

The guide departed and reaching heaven, reported everything to Indra.

Soon Indra and other gods appeared before Yudhishtira.





As they arrived, the awful darkness was gone. The place was full of heavenly fragrance carried by sweet breeze. The moaning of invisible spirits was heard no more.

“Yudhishtira! Now be pleased to return with us. The phase of gloom through which

you were required to pass is now over. Your brothers as well as Draupadi have all gone to heaven by now. The law is like this: Everybody has to suffer the consequences of his sin, however little, as everybody will be rewarded for his virtue. If the reward for the virtue is

enjoyed first, the consequence for the sin will come later. Those who have very little sin, they are made to suffer the hell first. Those who have very little virtue, they are allowed to enjoy heaven first. The period of suffering in case of your dear ones has already ended and they have gone over to heaven. For some slight errors you had made in your life, you had to see and feel the hell for a while. Now you can be in heaven, along with your dear ones. You were worried about Karna. Be sure that he too is already in heaven. You are greater than many a great soul. So, you will be in the company of the souls of Harishchandra, Mandhata and Bhagiratha. Look, yonder flows the Ganga of the heaven. Once you have a dip in it, your earthly

consciousness will entirely vanish."

Yudhishtira entered the Ganga of the heaven and gave up his body in her water. Then he went over to his brothers. There he met Krishna who was still in the form which he had on earth. Arjuna was with him and they received Yudhishtira with joy.

Karna too could be seen. He looked as luminous as the sun. Elsewhere was Bhima, among the Maruttas. Nakula and Sahadeva too could soon be seen.

Thereafter Indra showed Draupadi, her sons, Dhritarashtra, Abhimanyu, Pandu, Kunti, Madri, Bhishma, Drona and other heroes to Yudhishtira and told him all about their destiny.

CONCLUDED



WHY DOES THE CHAMELEON CHANGE ITS COLOUR?

Below the skin of the Chameleon are cells which have granules that give a white colour by reflecting light. Other cells are full of oil drops and seem yellow, while there are a number that have a reddish or brown pigment. By changing the setting of its skin, the Chameleon is able to form a colour pattern to match that of the surroundings. It is Nature's way of helping the little creature to hide from its enemies.



WONDER WITH COLOURS





WISER THAN THE PUNDIT

Once upon a time there was a famous astrologer in Vijayanagar. There was no book of astrology which he had not studied. Even kings of far away lands consulted him before undertaking any important work. His predictions about marriage, war, epidemics and other such events rarely went wrong. All were full of his praise.

The astrologer had a great love for agriculture. When he was not wandering about, he was in his fields, supervising farming.

One afternoon the astrologer's servants were cleansing and measuring the corns in his

field. He was looking on. Just then Ballu the washerman happened to pass by. He shouted at the astrologer, "Punditji, arrange to carry the corns to your house as soon as possible. There will be a storm after the sunset."

The astrologer laughed and said, "How can there be a storm today, you fellow! South wind is blowing now. There isn't even a patch of cloud in the whole sky. Besides, I know all about the influences of the heavenly bodies on the earth at the moment. They do not indicate rain!"

"Punditji, I don't know about your heavenly bodies,

swept away. His servants ran helter-skelter seeking shelter.

The astrologer thought: "Only if I had paid heed to the washerman's warning, my corns would have been saved. But the question is, how did the washerman know about the impending storm? He must have heard it from someone who is more learned than myself. But who is that person? I must go to the washerman and enquire about it."

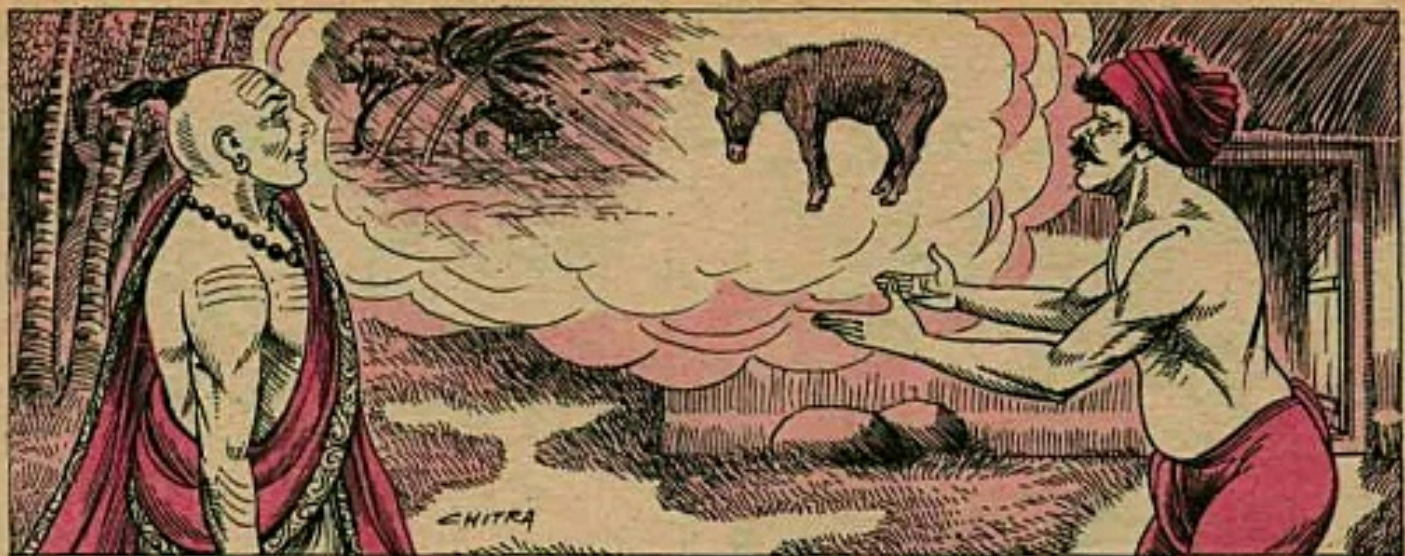
The storm subsided by morning. The astrologer hurried to the washerman's hut and asked him, "Well, Ballu, I was a fool to poohpooh your warning. I

nor do I care. But I warn you, it is going to rain soon after the sunset. Take care if you please!" said Ballu and went away.

"Fool!" muttered the astrologer, "He is teaching me about rain and all that!" He asked his workers to forget the washerman and go on gathering and measuring the corns.

But no sooner had the sun disappeared than the sky became dark. Before the astrologer had realised the situation a terrific storm broke out. Along with frequent lightning and thunder, a fierce wind blew. The astrologer's corns were





feel so ashamed! But tell me, who is the learned man who predicted the storm to you?"

"Learned man?" laughed the washerman as he pointed his finger at his donkey. "See, Punditji, hours before a storm, the donkey suddenly begins to shiver. It brings its legs closer and hides its tail between its rear legs. Observing my donkey doing so, I knew that a storm was approaching."

"But is this not strange?" asked the astrologer, "How can a donkey know what we scholars do not know?"

"That is not for me to say!" commented the washerman, "The cock crows before the sunrise without fail. Does it have a clock? Birds and animals,

sir, have their own way of knowing the coming events."

The astrologer stood there praising the washerman's simple explanation.

The servants who were witnesses to the accuracy of the washerman's prediction, began to tell, "Our washerman is wiser than the astrologer!"

When the people asked the washerman about it, he said, "No! I, my donkey is wiser than the astrologer!"

When people asked the astrologer about it, he smiled and said, "Nature is wiser than me. Donkey expressed something of that nature. All animals, all men, express something or the other of the universal nature!"

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FOOD FOR THE YOGI

Long ago, in the city of Simhapura lived a Yogi with a few disciples. He was held in high esteem not only by the common people, but also by the king of the land. Whenever the king felt disturbed in mind, he approached the Yogi. The Yogi gave him some good advice and that restored peace in his mind.

"O great sage, I see that you and your disciples wander from door to door begging for food. But that is not necessary. Please come and stay near my palace. I will cater for all your needs," proposed the king one day.

"That is not possible, my son," replied the Yogi, "For I am under the vow that I must take some trouble to collect my food. I must wander from door to door."

The king passed the order that whenever the Yogi or his disciples would approach somebody for alms, he must give alms to the best of his ability. This made the Yogi's work very easy. He got plenty. Several vagabonds of the land styled themselves as his disciples and lived and moved about with him merrily.

One day the Yogi stood before a wine shop. The shopkeeper greeted him and said, "O sage, please come in. But I have nothing except wine to offer to you!"

The Yogi entered the shop, smiling, and when the shopkeeper gave him a potful of wine, he drank it, first uttering, "Lord! I offer this to Thou!"

When the disciples saw their master drinking the wine, they

too began to drink to their hearts' content.

Needless to say, most of them soon lost control over themselves and behaved riotously.

The news reached the king. He felt disgusted and angry. He asked the palace guards to turn away the Yogi if he ever came to see him.

All the people heard about the incident. They also heard how the king's attitude towards the Yogi had changed completely. They stopped showing respect to the Yogi. The Yogi and his disciples had often to go without or with very little food. Naturally, all the false disciples deserted him.

A few days passed. The Yogi, while wandering, one day stopped before a goldsmith's workshop.

The goldsmith chuckled and said, "O sage, all I have is boiling melted gold. Will you like to drink a cup of it?"

"Why not!" said the Yogi with his characteristic smile. The goldsmith, in order to see the fun, handed over a cup of hot melted gold to him. The Yogi accepted it quietly and uttered, "O Lord! I offer this to Thou!" and gulped it!

He then thanked the goldsmith and went away.

The goldsmith almost fainted with surprise. The news spread as fast as sound. The king heard this too. He now understood the power of the Yogi. He ran to the Yogi and said, "I now realise that wine or poison or fire—all is same to you. O great soul! Pardon me for having misunderstood you."





"That's the last time I eat biscuits—the crumbs are driving me mad!"



"You have a bad attack of metal fatigue."

FUN WITH FIDDY



"I'm not fighting until I see his face!"



Playing it right...

We played a cricket match in school today Daddy. But I got out very soon.

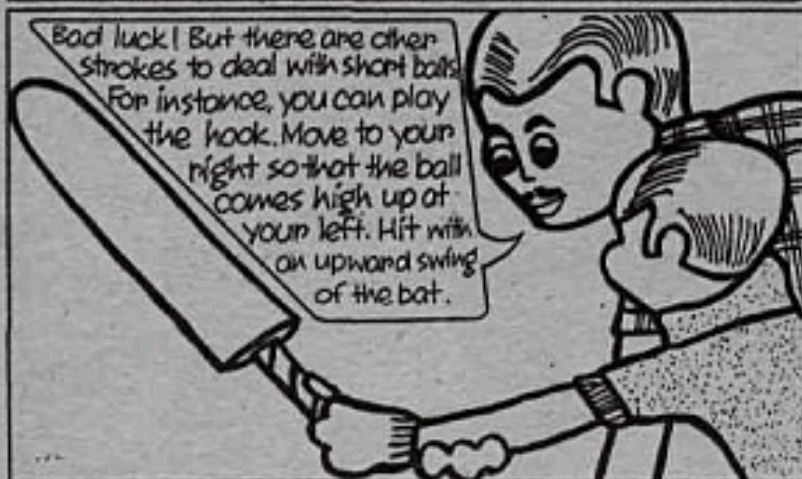
Why son,
what
happened?



Sunil bowled a short ball. I tried to cut, but edged a catch to the wicket-keeper.



Bad luck! But there are other strokes to deal with short balls. For instance, you can play the hook. Move to your right so that the ball comes high up at your left. Hit with an upward swing of the bat.



And if you hit with full force you will swing round completely. You may even find yourself facing the wicket-keeper!



Now then, it's nearly eight-thirty, son. Off to bed. Have you brushed your teeth?

I washed my mouth after dinner, Dad.



That won't do son. You must brush your teeth every night and morning, to remove all decay-causing food particles. You must also massage the gums, so they'll be healthy and strong.



Yes, Daddy.



Come, let's both brush our teeth with Forhan's toothpaste.



Forhan's
the toothpaste
created by
a dentist

Tinopal® whitens best



Tinopal-S
for synthetics
and blends



Tinopal®
for cottons



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Shilpi SGT. 1A/74

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